Cat. He will do all in all as *Hastings* doth.
Buc. Well then no more but this:
Go gentle *Catesby*, and as it were a farre off,
Sound Lord *Hastings*, how he stands affected
Vnto our purpose, If he be willing,
Encourage him and shew him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold vnwilling,
Be thou so too: and so breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination,
For we to morrow hold deuided counsels
Wherein thy selfe shall highly be imployed.
Glo. Commend me to L. *William*, tell him *Catesby*
His ancient knot of dangerous aduersaries
To morrow are let blood at *Pomfret* Castle,
And bid my friends for ioy of this good newes,
Giue gentle Mis. *Shore* one gentle kisse the more.
Buc. Good *Catesby* effect this businesse soundly.
Cat. My good Lords both: with all the heed I may.
Glo. Shall we heare from you *Catesby* ere we sleepe?
Cat. You shall my Lord. *Exit Catesby,*
Glo. At *Crosby* place there shall you find vs both.
Buc. Now my Lord, what shall we doe if we perceiue
William Lord *Hastings* will not yeild to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head man, some what we will doe,
And looke when I am King, claime thou of me
The Earledome of *Herford* and the mooueables,
Whereof the King my brother stood possest.
Buc. Ile claime that promise at your hands.
Glo. And looke to haue it yealded with willingnesse.
Come let vs sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some forme *Exeunt.*

Enter a messenger to Lord Hastings.

Mess. What ho my Lord.
Hast. Who knocks at the doore?
Mess. A messenger from the Lord *Stanley.* *Enter Lo. Hast.*
Hast. Whats a Clocke?
Mess. Vpon the stroke of foure.
Hast. Cannot thy master sleepe the tedious night?
Mess. So it should seeme by that I haue to say:

First he commends him to y
Hast. And then. *M*
He dreamt to night, the B
Besides he sayes, there are t
And that many be determin
Which may make you and
Therefore he sends to know
If presently you will take h
And with all speed post int
To shun the danger that hi
Hast. Good fellow goe
Bid him not feare the sepera
His honour and my selfe a
And at the other is my ser
Where nothing can procee
Whereof I shall not haue i
Tell him his feares are shall
And for his dreames, I won
To trust the mockery of vn
To flie the Bore before the
Were to incence the Boar
And make pursuit where h
Go bid thy master rise and
And we will both together
Where he shall see the Boa
Mes. My gracious Lord, ile
Enter Catesby
Cat. Many good morrow
Hast. Good morrow C.
What news, what news, in t
Cat. It is a reeling world i
And I beleeue twill neuer f
Till *Richard* weare the Garl
Hast. How? weare the C
Cat. I my good Lord.
Hast. Ile haue this crown
Ere I will see the Crowne s
But canst thou guesse that
Cat, Vpon my life my L. a

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37